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# Fresno Weekly Expositor.



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—BY—  
**PETERS & CO.**

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County Court, Hon. Gilliam Bailey Judge: First Mondays in January, March, May, July, September and November.  
Probate Court, Hon. Gilliam Bailey Judge: Opened immediately upon the adjournment of the County Court, at each term.

**SUPERVISORS:**  
Board of Supervisors meet: First Mondays in February, May, August and November.  
Board of Equalization meet: Second Monday in August and first Monday in November.

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THE GREAT TRIAL OF SEWING MACHINES.

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THESE UNEQUALLED MACHINES DO ALL the different work required to be done in a family, and make all the different kinds of Stitches without the complications of other machines.

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The Wheeler & Wilson as is well known, has won at nearly every trial in which it has competed the highest award of merit. The representatives of other machines, ever confident, have entered the lists, time and again, only to be defeated, and finding it impossible to compete fairly, have endeavored to decry the value of premiums. They are not slow, however, to boast of a few they have received. But in the grand trial, daily use throughout the world, where only true merit finds favor, and superiority wins the race, the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine stands triumphantly the Champion by the verdict of the people.

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Mr. Bliss has a fine and commodious

**LIVERY STABLE.**

For the accommodation of travelers.

[FOR THE EXPOSITOR.]  
**JERUSHA JANE.**

"Thirteen years since I fell in love  
With John Jerusha Skorge.  
The handsomest country girl, by far,  
That ever went on legs.  
By meadow, creek, woods and dell,  
So often did we walk  
And the moonlight smiled on her rosy lips,  
And the night-winds learned our talk."

Jerusha Jane was all to me,  
For my heart was young and true;  
And I loved with a double-and-twisted love,  
And a love that was honest, too.  
I roamed all over the neighbors' farms,  
And I robbed the wild-wood bowers,  
And tore my trowsers, and scratched my hands,  
In search of choicest flowers.

In my joyous love I brought them all  
To my Jerusha Jane;  
But I would not be so foolish now,  
If I had that chance again.  
For a city chap came along,  
All dressed up in fine clothes,  
With a shiny hat and a flashing vest,  
And a mustache under his nose.

He talked to her of singing schools,  
As they roamed o'er her father's farm,  
And she left me, her country lover,  
And took the new chap's arm.  
All that night I never slept,  
Nor could I eat next day.  
For I loved that girl with twisted love,  
That night could drive away.

I strove to win her back to me,  
But it was all in vain.  
And the city chap with the hairy lip,  
Married my Jerusha Jane,  
And my poor heart was sick and sore,  
Until the thought struck me,  
That just as good was still remained  
As ever were caught in the snare.

So I went to the Methodist church one night—  
There I saw a dark brown cur;  
I'll marry that very girl,  
If many months have passed and gone.  
I'll think my loss a gain,  
And I'll often bless the city chap,  
That stole Jerusha Jane.

MizPam

## A MEXICAN ROMANCE.

I had been riding hard all day, and already the dry, dusty plains of the State of Tamaulipas were fast merging into the hilly country around Santa Rosa. My little Mexican pony began to show signs of fatigue, and I myself felt that a night's rest was absolutely necessary. The heat had been intense, and water scarce, as it always is through a country where rain is almost unknown. My horse's head attested the extent of his thirst; my tongue close to the roof of my mouth, and it was with a longing sufferer from thirst can alone appreciate that I strained my eyes to discover some sign of habitation through the fast gathering gloom. At last, much to my delight, I could distinguish the outlines of a hut, where I was sure of rest, if not of absolute welcome. Hospitality to the stranger is not one of the striking features of the Mexican character, especially to travelers; but carrying little to tempt the cupidity of my host and hostess, I cared very little for the reception I was likely to get. My poor, jaded beast must have snuffed water and a cooling supper, for all at once he accelerated his pace, and before long I was dismounting in front of a large, well built hidalgo, and in the best Spanish I could muster, was asking for food and shelter.

"It is a Gringo," I heard a voice, the softest and sweetest I ever heard, say. The accents were so sweet that, in spite of the opprobrious epithet applied to all foreigners, I listened eagerly to hear them again.

They were not repeated, and a man, tall and brawny, I could see in the gloaming, came out of the house and bade me welcome, taking my horse and bidding me enter at the same time. I needed no second bidding, and entering found myself in the interior of a Mexican hut, such as are strewn along all the highways of Mexico, built of mud or adobe, with palmetto or grass roofs, but this one showed a degree of care and comfort entirely foreign to the many I had seen.

Supper was already spread, not on the floor, as is the usual style, but on a side table, and consisted of goat's milk, dried beef and tortillas, the national substitute for bread, to which was added a pone of genuine American corn-bread. I was bewildered! Corn-bread and Mexicans were irreconcilable, yet my hostess, as well as the old crone who sat by the fire, were undoubtedly natives.

Pondering the strange anomaly, I began to watch my hostess. She, with a light, elastic tread, moved about, placing another plate on the table, and preparing a ham-mock for my accommodation. My interest had already been awakened by a voice of which I was sure she was the possessor, but even had such not been the case my attention would have been riveted by her great physical beauty.

That she was of the pure Indian blood, with no foreign admixture, my experience among Mexicans assured me. She was tall—taller than the majority of her race, even among the men—lithe and well proportioned. The low, tight bodice, common to her class, displayed a neck and arm exquisitely moulded, whose color alone, to my eye, detracted from their perfect beauty. Her eyes were large, dark, and full of sweetness, while her lips cannot better be described than as fitting portals

from which should issue those sounds, sweet and musical, that still lingered on my ear. The straight, long, black hair was plaited and wound around her head, forming a natural coronet.

I was still admiring her when the master of the house entered. As the light fell upon him I no longer wondered at the civilization evidenced around me; for though the once fair skin was browned to almost as tawny a hue as a native's, and the ardent Mexican sun had tanned the light hair to red, yet I knew Mexican soil had never conferred such tints on one of her children, and, even before he spoke, I felt sure one of my countrymen stood before me.

"Stranger," he said abruptly, using the Mexican idiom, "are you French or English?"

"Neither, I am an American."

"Then thrice welcome to the poor comforts Silas Wright can afford you," dropping the Spanish for his native tongue, that seemed far less familiar than the language he had hitherto used. "It's a long time since I've had the chance of having one of my countrymen under the same roof with me, and you're none the less welcome for that, stranger," and he held out his large, brawny hand for the national salutation. I was not slow to grasp it.

At the word "American," Anita—so my host called the young beauty—turned a look beaming with pleasurable surprise on me, and murmured words of welcome.

"You're all right on that side of the house," said Silas, laughingly, "for all Americans rank next to me in their ideas of perfection, though you mightn't think much of such a fellow as I am," stroking his tawny whiskers as he spoke.

"It's no use talking to-night, for you need rest, and unless it's a mighty urgent business calls you, I don't intend you shall leave to-morrow. So, to supper, then to bed;" and, suiting the action to the word, we were soon busy with our meal, which no sooner finished, then I sought my hammock.

The next day I found that even were I so inclined I could not continue my journey, for my horse was stiff and unfit to travel. I was not sorry of the excuse, for I was anxious to learn something of my host. On inquiry I found that he cultivated Indian corn and such vegetables as could be induced to grow by irrigation, raised herds of goats and large quantities of chickens, which he sent or took to the nearest town—besides being blacksmith and wheelwright to passing travelers and to the neighboring haciendas. He thus managed to eke out a comfortable living for himself, Anita and the old crone, who I ascertained was his mother-in-law. This was the present, but it was of the past I wanted to hear.

"How long have you been in this country?" I asked, as we sat smoking our after dinner pipes.

"Some fifteen years."

"Why, that was about the time of the Mexican war."

"Just so. You've hit the nail on the head this time, for I came here in the midst of it."

"Won't you tell me about it?"

"No objection," he said, "though it isn't much after its told. I was born away up in Maryland," he continued, "and was the youngest of seven children, consequently was the baby of the family. They would not think much of their baby if they could see him now," and he gave one of his short, quick laughs. "I don't think the home-folk would recognize the beauty of the family, the curly-headed, blue-eyed, baby Silas. It's well to tell people of some things, or they'd never find them out; and my good looks is one of them; but it's true, nevertheless. Well, I was pretty much as all babies of seventeen are, as harum-scarum a scamp as King Charles county could boast, and my wild doings were talked of far and wide. I was seventeen when the Mexican war broke out, and I declared my intention of joining the army. You may be sure there was a terrible to-do about it; but the upshot was, that I was down to New Orleans with my regiment before the old folks found out I was in earnest. I received lots of letters telling me what a naughty boy I was, yet begging me to come back, but they didn't do much good. I was in for it, and liked it first-rate, too. We got down to Mexico, and then it wasn't all fun, marching through chaparral and doing heavy duty, but I liked the

fighting right well, and we got plenty of it under old 'Fuss and Feathers.'

At last, in the battle of Cherubusco, I was knocked over and never knew anything until I opened my eyes in just such a looking place as this, and saw the prettiest face I'd ever seen bending over me. Then I heard a voice, and although I didn't understand a word, as my education, especially the Spanish part, had been somewhat neglected, I thought it must be an angel's voice, if angels talk. It sounded so soft and liquid. Then the young girl clapped her hands, and presently an old lady, who wasn't made any handsomer by contrast, came and stood alongside of me too. I didn't make much headway understanding her jargon, but managed to make out that they were pleased at something. It was not long, however, before I found out that if ever I opened my eyes to the daylight I had them to thank for it, for my wounds were dressed, and teas and other doctoring poured down my throat. I might have been a little afraid of drinking them if I hadn't been too weak to care much what became of me. I did not get my strength very fast though, and it was good three months before I was able to creep about.

In the meantime I had learned a great deal of their language, for it would have been a sorry fellow of nineteen that would not learn with such a teacher. I had taken another lesson and learned it by heart, that was love for the pretty Anita, as I felt mighty loth to return to duty.

Besides, Anita assured me the war was almost over. I was glad enough to believe her, for she would cry so at the thought of my leaving her, and my own heart felt so heavy; at last I concluded to marry her. That's just what I did, and I would not exchange her for the fairest lady in old Maryland. I've seen you watch her, and I needn't ask you if she isn't the handsomest woman you've seen for many a day," and Silas Wright followed, with eyes beaming with love, the form of his wife, as she passed to and fro at her daily tasks.

"How did it happen that they saved you?" said I, well pleased at what I had heard.

"All on account of those same blue eyes and curling hair. It seems she went over the battle-field, as many of the Mexican women did, and took a fancy to my baby face. Hallo! Anita," he cried suddenly, in Spanish, "can't you call me if you want water?" and with one or two strides he was by her side and had filled her jar with water.

"That's the way I've made her forget the baby face," he resumed, coming to my side. "Here the women are all hewers of wood and drawers of water; but that wasn't what I'd been taught at home, and I've never acted with her any differently than if she'd been one of our own women; so she thinks me something above mortals, rough and uncouth as I may seem to you."

"Did you never write home?"

"No, not I. What was the use? I was reported missing; that was as good as dead. The old folks, no doubt, died over me for dead; so it was all over, and there wasn't any use in having the fuss all over again. Besides, they might not have liked their daughter-in-law, and I wouldn't give her up for the best estate in Maryland," and my host knocked the ashes from his pipe with an emphasis that left no doubt as to his sincerity.

**STRIPPING THE WIDOW.**—Some years ago in the New Hampshire legislature, a new member, somewhat noted for "pumping thunder," made a speech—it was upon a bill for taxing bank dividends—in which he attempted to be very pathetic in favor of widows who owned bank stock. "Yes Mr. Speaker," he exclaimed with indignant energy, "the gentleman from Dover who introduced this bill, deaf to the cries of her orphan children, would strip the widow—!" but before he could conclude the sentence he was interrupted by a laugh. Astonished, but undaunted, he exclaimed with a profound feeling: "Gentlemen, it is not the subject of derision. I appeal to you in all candor to say if it is not worse than stripping. Put on this tax and you will drive the widow to her last shift." Shouts of laughter here petrified him in his place, and he spoke no more during the session.

SANTA Clara county will produce about half the usual crop this year.

**PAT'S IDEA OF THE DIVINITY.**—A friend who we shall call Pat, for short, tells us the following good story about himself:

When but an idle boy he was called up in a country school and the question suddenly propounded by the pedagogue:

"Patrick, how many Gods are there?"

Patrick was not a distinguished theologian then and years have made him no better, very fast, in such matters; but he promptly responded:

"Three, sir."

"Take your seat," thundered the master, "and if in five minutes you don't answer correctly, I'll welt you."

The probationary period passed and Pat, taking the floor hesitatingly, stated the number of Gods at:

"Five, six."

He received the promised welting and returned to his seat—ten minutes for consideration.

Ten minutes up, Pat was up, too, and satisfied that he hadn't placed the number sufficiently high before, shouted:

"There's ten, sir."

He saw the ferule descending, and bolting out of the door, he cleared a five rail fence and broke like a quarter horse across the field. Panting with exertion, he met a lad with a book under his arm, and with the look of one desiring the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

"Where are you going?" asked Pat.

"To school yonder," was the reply.

"You are, are you?" said Pat quietly.

"How many Gods are there?"

"One," answered the boy.

"Well, you'd better not go there. You will have a good time with your one God. I've just left there with ten, and that wasn't enough to save me from the darndest licking you ever heard of."

**HADN'T JOINED 'EM YET.**—We heard a good thing recently that every member of the Free and Accepted Ma-sons will be apt to have a good laugh over, and for that reason we will send it on its travels:

A rather verdant young man, whose features exhibited every symptom of having been slightly tinged with emerald, quite recently entered a jewelry store in New York, and gazing earnestly in the show case remarked:

"You've got a heap of mighty pretty breast pins thar; what mought you tax for 'em?"

"What sort of a pin would you like to look at?" asked the merchant.

"Well, dunno," said the visitor, pointing at a plain Masonic pin (the compass and square; "how much is that yere?"

"Five dollars, only, sir," was the reply.

"It is a very fine pin, eighteen carat gold, and—"

"You havn't any one with a little gold hand saw laid across it, hev you?" interrupted the would be purchaser.

"I believe not, sir," said the merchant.

"Wish yer had; it would just suit me exactly. I'm just out of my time, and going to set up as a carpenter and jiner, and I thought I'd like some sort of sign to wear about me, so folks would have an idea who I was. What do you tax for that ar pin you've got yer hand on?"

"Seven dollars," said the merchant, producing a compass and square surrounding the letter G.

"Seven dollars, eh?" said the youth. "I'll take it—sorry yer didn't have the hand saw though. But reckon everybody will understand it. The compass to measure out the work on the square to see it's all right after it's done measured, and every darned fool orter know that G stands for gimlet."

In Augustine Daly's great play, "Under the Gaslight," Laura Courtland utters these beautiful sentiments:

"Let the woman you look upon be wise or vain, beautiful or homely, rich or poor, she has but one thing she can really give or refuse—her heart. Her beauty, her wit, her accomplishments, she may sell to you—but her love is the treasure without money and without price. She only asks in return that when you look upon her, your eyes shall speak a mute devotion; that when you address her, your voice shall be gentle, loving and kind. That you shall not despise her because she cannot understand, all at once, your vigorous thoughts and ambitious plans, for when misfortune and evil have defeated your greatest purposes her love remains to console you. You look upon the trees for strength and grandeur; do not despise the flowers because their fragrance is all they have to give. Remember, love is all that a woman can give—but it is the only earthly thing which God permits us to carry beyond the grave."

COLUMBIA wants a woollen mill!

AN old farmer, about the time that the temperance reform began to exert a healthful interest in the country said to his hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?"

"Oh, I don't care much about it," said Jonathan, "you can give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the Fall, if you will do without it."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said:

"Father, will you give me a sheep too, if I do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you do without."

The youngest son, a stripling then said:

"Father, will you give me a sheep if I do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also, if you do without rum."

Presently Chandler spoke again:

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too?"

**DUNK BUT ONCE.**—"You have but five minutes to live," said the Sheriff, "if you have anything to say, say it now." The young man said: "I had a little brother. He had beautiful eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. One day I got drunk—the first time in my life—and coming home I found my little brother in the garden, and I became angry without cause, and killed him with one blow of the rake. I did not know anything about it till the next day when I awoke and found myself bound and tied, and was told that my little brother was dead. Whiskey had done it. It had ruined me. I was never drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my Judge. I say, young men, never touch anything that can intoxicate." In another moment the young man was ushered into the presence of his God.

**A HINT TO LOVERS OF FRENCH WINE.**—A good story is told of an American traveling in Paris. Having occasion to take a bath, his physician recommended a wine bath. In the employ of the establishment there was a colored man, whom he had known in America, and of him he enquired how they could give a wine bath for 75 cents. "Why, massa," said the negro, "that wine has been in the bath room for one week, and you is thirty-eight person that has bathed in it."

"Well, I suppose they throw it away when they are done with it." "Oh, no, massa; they send it down stairs for the poor people, who bathe for twenty-five cents." "And then what do they do with it?" "Bottle it up and send it to America, where they sell it for French wine."

**COURTING A FAT GIRL.**—Don Plat says, I was once in love with a fat girl; she was very fleshy; she was enormous; but the course of my true love came to grief. I was sitting with her in the dim twilight one evening; I was sentimental; I said many soft things; I embraced part of her. She seemed distant. She frequently turned her lovely head from me. At last I thought I heard the murmur of voices on the other side. I arose and walked around, and then I found another fellow courting her on the left flank. I was indignant, and upbraided her for her treachery in thus concealing from me another lover. She laughed at my conceit, as if she were not big enough to have two lovers at once.

**THE RESULT.**—A man in Trenton bet that he could drink fourteen glasses of ice-water at one sitting. His widow has already made two hundred yards of carpet rags out of his shirts, and his pantaloons are not even touched yet.

"FATHER," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother." "Why not?" "Because every time she drinks it she blows me up."

"Go to bed immediately; you've staid up long enough," said the father.

**LORD ELDON**, who has just died in London, has left his whole fortune for the establishment of an Insane Asylum. "I restore to madmen," said he, "the fortune I owe to them." Lord Eldon was a lawyer.

A NEW minister at New Bedford took a stroll before breakfast on the first Sunday he was there, and after walking a dozen blocks was accosted by a seedy individual with, "You needn't look any further, their sin's a d—n saloon open."







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# The Fresno Expositor

COUNTY OFFICIAL PRESS.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be regular preaching once in each month at the following named places, Rev. J. H. Neal pastor:  
First Sabbath at the Mississippi School House at 11 o'clock  
Second Sabbath at the Scottsburg School House at 11 o'clock in the morning.  
Third Sabbath at the Dry Creek School House at 11 o'clock in the morning.  
Fourth Sabbath in the Court House, Millerton, at 11 o'clock.

## TOWN AND COUNTY.

**HOMICIDE ON KING'S RIVER.**—An affray occurred about four miles above Centerville, on King's river, on Monday, Aug. 1, which resulted in the instant killing of one man, and the wounding of another. The particulars, as near as we can gain them from the many reports in circulation, are as follows: A man named B. A. Andrews, a farmer on the river, was walking along the road from his house towards his field, and was carrying in his hand a double-barreled shot-gun. Jerry Ridgeway, who was in an intoxicated condition, was riding along the same road, in company with two or three other men who were returning from Centerville to their habitations. When near Andrews' house Ridgeway started his horse up and rode ahead of the party, but shortly returned—it is supposed upon seeing Andrews—and seizing his revolver from one of the party, who had previously taken it from him, wheeled his horse and returned up the road at a fast gait, the rest of the party rapidly following. When he got nearly up to Andrews he charged upon him, and Andrews wheeled about to meet him. A difference of opinion exists as to who fired the first shot, but be that as it may, the bloody work was instantly begun. Andrews fired both barrels of his shot-gun, which were loaded with small bird shot, into Ridgeway's breast. Andrews received three shots: one in one of his arms near his wrist; another in the breast, and a third in the head. After receiving the shot in the breast, Andrews threw down his gun and started to run, and as he did so exclaimed, "O Jerry don't!" or words to that effect, but Ridgeway fired again (evidently as Andrews was falling, as the wound he had received in the breast was mortal), the ball striking him in the back of the head. It is asserted that Ridgeway fired five shots. An old grudge existed between the parties, and it is alleged that Ridgeway had threatened to shoot Andrews. It is not known whether any words passed between the parties when Ridgeway rode up the road the first time, or whether Andrews was aware of the presence of the other before he discovered him riding down upon him, with revolver drawn. It is very evident, from the fact of his gun being loaded with bird shot, that Andrews was not out seeking a broil, and it is probable that he was going to his field to shoot birds, as was his custom. No attempt was made to arrest Ridgeway, though several citizens conversed with him subsequent to the affair, and he was permitted to leisurely make his escape. An inquest was held on the body by Justice Booker, and he issued a warrant for Ridgeway's arrest in accordance with the jury's findings, and an officer was appointed to take the man to the court. It seems strange that in a civilized and law-abiding community a man can shoot another down, and no citizen be found who will attempt to take and hold the offender, that justice may be enforced. If the man was not guilty of murder why did he run away? If he was guilty he should have been arrested, as, indeed, he should have been, under any circumstances. It looks very bad and demands severe comment. More value should be placed on human life than to permit such transactions to occur without having a proper judicial investigation of the matter. We hope our Supervisors will order a reward for Ridgeway's arrest, and apply to the Governor for a similar offer.

LEND us a fan, somebody, please. Furnish us with few bucketsful of ice water, that we may have our heated brows. Oh, for a few tons of ice, and several barrels of good whiskey to cool with it, so that we might refresh the inner man. Oh, for a snow storm! Give us wings that we may quickly find some cooler retreat, either in the desert of Sahara, Alaska or some other point. Thermometer 100 at six o'clock in the morning, and so high at three in the afternoon that we can't get a lady in Millerton long enough so that we can see the figures. Where is hell, now? Can its fire have any terror to a Millertonian? Manufacturers of fire-proof safes are requested to trot a few of their most efficient machines down this way, and if they withstand the heat of our atmosphere, people need not fear their efficacy. Oh, gracious! Phew! Oh, for a breath of cool air! Fan us! Oh, 'ow 'ot! Phew! phew!

**OFF THE GRADE—HORSE KILLED.**—One day last week a teamster named Hutchings, when coming down Glass grade, from the saw mill, met with an accident which resulted in the instant killing of one of his horses and the injury of another. He was coming down the hill, which is very precipitous and dusty, with a wagon heavily loaded with lumber. He had hooked his wheels with an ordinary brake, but it was insufficient to hold the wagon properly, and it was soon thrust forward on the horses, and they became unmanageable, and run off the grade, with the result we have mentioned. This is the third accident that has occurred on this grade during the summer, and it would seem about time teamsters were learning to rough hold their wheels before starting down it.

**ACCIDENT.**—On last Friday Mr. C. C. Converse, who resides on the Fresno river, met with a very painful accident. He was leading a couple of horses and one of them got frightened, on account of the halter rope rubbing his legs, and began to kick and jump, jerking Mr. Converse suddenly around, breaking his collar bone on the left side. He was immediately brought to town and received prompt and efficient surgical treatment from Dr. L. Leach.

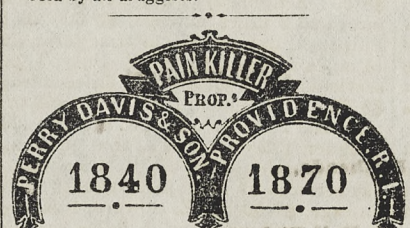
**OUR very genial, good-looking and jovial Road Master called on us yesterday afternoon. Bill knows how to build roads, raise hogs, sheep, and the like. A peculiar looking glass package that he brought with him is what gets us.**

## The Verdict of California.

Californians, as a rule, take nothing for granted. Any article that likes intrinsic merit is sure to be a dead failure in the Golden State. Twelve years ago HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS were quietly introduced here. Their uses were plainly set forth, and the community was invited to give them a fair trial, as a remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, intermittent and remittent fevers, general debility, nervous affections, and all the ordinary diseases of the digestive and secretory organs. They were also recommended as an appetizing and invigorating preparation, and as a preventive of complaints of an epidemic character. The result may be summed up in a few words. A demand for the article immediately sprang up, and has ever since been increasing in a progressive ratio, until HOSTETTER'S BITTERS have become a leading commercial staple in the California market, and along the whole Pacific coast, from Central America to British Columbia. The consumption of the Great Vegetable Tonic and Restorative, in the Pacific States alone, is upwards of One Million Bottles per year, and its popularity overshadows that of every other medicine, proprietary or otherwise, sold on this side of the continent. This fact is so notorious, that it is like repeating a recognized truism, to put it into print. Since the introduction of the BITTERS the demand for the adulterated liquors of commerce has gradually declined, both in the cities and at the mines. The perfect purity of article, its restorative and preventive properties, and its admirable adaptation to the wants of a people too prone to exhaustive labor of body and mind, are appreciated by the medical profession, and it is prescribed as a stomachic and alternative to the exclusion, in a great degree, of all the unmediated alcoholic stimulants.

## Pure Blood, Muddy Water.

Pure blood may be compared to pure water, and impure blood to muddy water. If you pass muddy water through muslin you will continue the process and you cover it with thick mud. Blood passes through all parts of the body; if good and pure it nourishes and cleanses the parts it goes through. If impure it leaves more or less dirt behind it. BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the medicine wanted, because they are made on purpose to take dirty humors out of the blood, and they never fail. These pills cure scrofula, even of forty years' standing; they have cured cases of rheumatism when the patient had not walked for four years; of paralysis, where the legs had lost their power of movement for seventeen years. The evidence in these cases cannot be disputed. Is there a town in the world where such evidences exist not? If BRANDRETH'S PILLS have been much used there we know that such evidence can be found. But be sure and see upon each box my name in the Government stamp, in white letters.



This Valuable Family Medicine has been widely and favorably known in our own and foreign countries upwards of

**THIRTY YEARS**  
It has lost none of its good name by repeated trials, but continues to occupy a prominent position in every family medicine chest.

It is an External and Internal Remedy. For Summer Complaint, or any other form of bowel disease in children or adults, it is an almost certain cure, and has without doubt been more successful in curing the various kinds of CHOLERA, than any other known remedy, or the most skillful physician. In India, Africa and China, where this dreadful disease is more or less prevalent, the Perry Kidney is considered by the natives, as well as European residents in those climates. A sure remedy; and while it is a most efficient remedy for pain, it is a perfectly safe medicine, even in unskillful hands.

Directions accompany each bottle.  
**Sold by all Druggists.**  
Price, 25 cts., 50 cts and \$1 00 Per Bottle.

If you wish the best Cabinet Photographs, you must call on BRADLEY & McCORMACK, 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

**BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION ISSUED** out of the Justice's Court, Fresno County, State of California, in and for the Second Township, duly attested, to the effect of Thomas J. Leeman against F. M. Ritter and C. P. Converse, on a certain judgment rendered in said court on the 19th day of November, A. D. 1890, for the sum of two hundred and ninety-nine (\$299.49) 46-100 dollars, and thirty-two (32) 72-100 (\$32.72) dollars, interest, a so forty-one (\$41.00) (\$41.59) dollars, cost of suit, in gold coin of the United States, I have levied upon a certain ranch and improvements, formerly known as Ritter's ranch, situated on the west side of the north fork of the San Joaquin river, about three-fourths of a mile above Converse's saw mill, and about one-half mile below Crane Valley, in Fresno County, State of California, consisting of two houses and ten acres of land, more or less, under fence.

Notice is hereby given that on **Tuesday, September 6th, A. D. 1870,** at 12 o'clock M., in front of the Court House, in the town of Millerton, I will proceed to sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin of the United States, all the right, title and interest of the said defendant, F. M. Ritter, in and to the above described property.

J. N. WALKER, Sheriff.  
Millerton, August 1st, 1870.

## ELECTION NOTICE!

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, OFFICE BOARD SUPERVISORS, COUNTY OF FRESNO, 1890, AUGUST 1870.

**PURSUANT TO LAW AN ORDER** of said Board this day made and entered, Notice is hereby given that on

**WEDNESDAY the 7th day of SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1870,** within the hours prescribed by law, there will be holden an election for

**Supervisor of District No. 2** of said county, at the several precincts in said District, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the expiration of the term of John G. Simpson, Esq., Chairman of said Board.

Given under my hand this, the 3d day of August, A. D. 1870.

HARRY DIXON, Clerk.

## FOR RENT.

**10 sections of Land Lying** between the Fresno river and the San Joaquin, containing the best of pasturage for sheep. 700 acres of the land was in wheat and alfalfa, and there is a good well and comfortable house on the premises. Terms very reasonable. Apply to **S. A. HOLMES,** June 10th, 1870. 4w

## ADDRESS TO

## NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED,

## WHOSE SUFFERINGS

## HAVE BEEN

## Protracted from Hidden Causes,

## AND WHOSE CASES REQUIRE

## PROMPT TREATMENT

## to Render Existence Desirable.

If you are suffering or have suffered, from involuntary discharges, what effect does it produce upon your general health? Do you feel weak, debilitated, easily tired? Does a little exertion produce palpitation of the heart? Does your liver, or any other organ, or your kidneys, frequently get out of order? Is your urine sometimes thick, milky or foamy, or is itropy on settling? Or does a thick cream rise to the top? Or is a sediment at the bottom after it has stood awhile? Do you have spells of fainting, or rushes of blood to the head? Is your memory impaired? Is your mind constantly dwelling on this subject? Do you feel dull, listless, mooping tired of company, of life? Do you wish to be left alone, to get away from everybody? Does any little thing make you start or jump? Is your sleep broken or restless? Is the lustre of your eyes as brilliant? The bloom on your cheek as bright? Do you enjoy yourself in society as well? Do you pursue your business with the same energy? Do you feel as much confidence in yourself? Are your spirits dull and flagging, given to fits of melancholy? If so do not lay it to your liver or dyspepsia. Have you restless nights? Your back weak, your knees weak, and hand have but little appetite, and you attribute all to dyspepsia, or liver complaint?

**NOW, READER,**  
selfishness, venereal diseases badly cured, and sexual excesses, are all capable of producing a weakness of the generative organs. The organs of generation, when in perfect health,

**MAKE THE MAN.**  
that holds bold, defiant, energetic, persevering, successful business men, and well those whose generative organs are in perfect health.

**DID YOU EVER THINK**  
that those bold, defiant, energetic, persevering, successful business men, and well those whose generative organs are in perfect health.

You never hear such men complain of being melancholy, of nervousness, or of palpitation of the heart. They are never afraid of the future, and are not discouraged; they are always pleasant and polite in the society of ladies, and look you and them right in the face—none of your downcast looks or other meanness about them. I do not mean those who keep the organs indicated by running to excess. These will not only

**RUIN THEIR CONSTITUTION,**  
but also those who do business with or for.

How many men from badly cured diseases, from the effects of selfishness and excesses, have brought about that state of weakness in those organs that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease—

**IDIOTCY, LUNACY, PARALYSIS,**  
spinal affections, suicide, and almost every other form of disease which humanity is heir to, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever suspected, and have doctored for all but the right one.

Diseases of these organs require the use of a Diuretic.

## HELMBOLD'S

## FLUID EXTRACT

## BUCHU

is the great Diuretic, and is a certain cure for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Prostatitis, Organic Weakness, Female Complaints, General Debility, and all diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in Male or Female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing.

If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our flesh and blood are supported from these sources, and the health and happiness, and that of Posterity, depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

## HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,

Established upward of Nineteen Years,

IS PREPARED BY

**H. T. HELMBOLD, DRUGGIST,**

594 Broadway, New York,

AND

101 South Ten Street, Phila., Pa.

Price, \$1 25 per Bottle, or 6 Bottles

for \$6 50, delivered to any address.

Sold by all Druggists.

NONE ARE GENUINE unless done up in

steel engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my

Chemical Warehouse, and signed

July 1870 **H. T. HELMBOLD.**

## NEW SUBSCRIPTION LIST for 1870

**J. W. SULLIVAN,**  
IMPORTER OF

**SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,**  
**NOVELS, MAGAZINES, AND**

**NEWSPAPERS,**  
609 Sansome St., San Francisco.

We would call the attention of the people of the Pacific Coast to the following list of American and Foreign Periodicals, which we are in the regular receipt of, and which they may depend upon receiving by the earliest conveyance, and in advance of Publication Office. Subscriptions at Honolulu, Japan, China and Mexico, postage to be added. Australian papers received.

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## The Fresno Expositor

### WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

When we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted  
To sever for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek, and cold,  
And my knees grew smothered  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow—  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame;  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear;  
A shudder comes o'er me—  
Why wert thou so dear?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well;  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—  
In silence I grieve,  
That thy heart should forget  
That spirit should deceive,  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee?  
With silence and tears.

### FOR THE CHILDREN.

About thirty years ago, said Judge P., I stepped into a book-store in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there a little ragged boy not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

Plenty of them, was the salesman's reply.

How much do they cost?  
One dollar, my lad.

I did not know they were so much.

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back. I have got only sixty-one cents, said he, could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked up for an answer; and he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man not very kindly told him he could not!

The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

And what now? I asked.

Try another place, sir.

Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?

Oh, yes, if you like, said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time was refused.

Will you try again? I asked.

Yes, sir, I shall try them all or I should not know whether I could get one.

We walked into the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had.

You want the book very much? said the proprietor.

Yes, sir, very much.

Why do you want it so very much?

To study sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will be ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places he used to go.

Does he go to those places now? asked the proprietor.

He is dead, said the boy softly. Then he added after a while, I am going to be a sailor, too.

Are you, though? asked the gentleman raising his eyebrows curiously.

Yes, sir, if I live.

Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do: I will let you have a new geography, and you pay the remainder when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents.

Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others only not new.

Yes, just like the new ones.

It will do just as well, then, and I will have eleven cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any one of the other places.

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark, said the bookseller.

Thank you, sir, you are so very good.

What is your name?

William Haverly, sir.

Do you want any more books? I now asked him.

More than I can ever get, he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. It will buy some for you, I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

Can I buy what I want with it?

Yes, my lad, anything.

Then I will buy a book for mother, said he. I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back.

He wanted my name and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until near the end of the voyage;

then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain.

Every spar was laid low the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping hard for one whole night, and still the water was gaining upon them, they gave up in despair and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known that no small boat could ride in such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I heard far above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man to his post.

The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me and then at the other passengers who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said rebukingly:

Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water. When I see none of it, then I shall abandon the vessel, and not before; nor one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it and if we fail it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand every one of you at the pumps.

Thrice during the day did we despair, but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance and powerful will, mastered every mind on board, and we went to work again.

I will land you safely at the dock in Liverpool, said he, if you will only be men.

And he did land us safely, but the vessel sunk, moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and the blessings of the passengers, as they passed down the gang plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed he grasped my hand and said:

Judge P., do you recognize me?

I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped on board his ship.

Do you remember the boy in Cincinnati?

Very well, sir; William Haverly.

I am he, said he. God bless you.

And God bless noble captain Haverly.

### HOUSE, FARM AND GARDEN.

How to FEED FOWLS.—Fowls are not fed for the mere sake of keeping them alive and healthy on the least possible amount of food. We wish to convert the food into flesh, or into eggs. In feeding for quick fattening it is understood that the poultry should be made to eat as much as possible. Our rule for feeding is to throw out the feed twice a day as long as the fowls will run after it and no longer.

We are told, and it is our own experience also, that fowls thus fed will eat considerably more than if they can go to a feeding box and help themselves at all times.

We want fowls to eat; the more they eat, within reasonable bounds, the more they will lay, and the longer they will lay, and the better condition they will be in. Laying fowls should take exercise. If they can go to a trough and eat at any time they wish, they will take next to none.

If they are fed but twice a day they will hunt insects and wander much more. If fed soft soft feed such as wheat bran mixed with corn meal or ground oats, they will be hungry again in two hours after feeding, and be off after insects and the like. Give feed, then, only to adult fowls while they will run after it; soft feed morning, whole grain at evening. Keep them supplied with gravel, lime (plastering, or better, oyster shell), ashes to dust in, and fresh, pure water, some meat in winter, and they will be healthy and prolific.

It is asserted that ink stains can be taken out of furniture by putting a few drops of spirits of niter in a teaspoonful of water, touch the spot with a feather dipped in the mixture; on the ink disappearing, rub it over immediately with a rag wetted in cold water, or there will be a white mark which will not be easily effaced.

WHITEWASH.—We find the following recommended: Mix up half a pailful of lime and water, take half a pint of flour and make a starch of it, and pour it into the whitewash while hot. Stir it well and make it ready for use.

To prevent sunstroke it is recommended to sew a thin piece of sponge in the top of the hat and moisten it with water in the course of the day.

THERE are said to be eight hundred acres of castor beans growing in the vicinity of Marysville, in Yuba and Sutter counties. The great depot of its use is San Francisco, where it is manufactured into oil. The raising of these beans is said to be a very lucrative calling. They grow very thriftily in the driest of soil, and make a very pleasing and acceptable shade.

A SUNDAY school teacher in Minnesota, upon inquiring of one of his juvenile pupils what he had learned during the week, was electrified by the answer that he had "learned not to trump his partner's ace."

MUCH of the hair now worn by ladies is cut from the heads of convicts.

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THE Elliptic Sewing Machines are manufactured and warranted by the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company. The late and important improvements enable us to guarantee to every purchaser that the Elliptic Machine will do more work, better work, and a greater variety of work than any other Sewing Machine now in use. The economy of the Elliptic Machine in a family is almost incredible; with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. By it, the making of garments is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes, as the following table will show:

(It is not to be understood that the following table is the time to make the garments, but to do the stitching only.)

By MACHINE.	By HAND.
Hours. Min.	Hours. Min.
Gentleman's Fine Shirt, 1	16 15 36
Fine Coat, 2	38 15 36
Silk Vest, 1	14 7 19
Cloth Coat, 1	3 40
Silk Dress, 1	13 8 27
Merino Dress, 1	4 8 27
Calico Dress, 1	57 6 37
Chemise, 1	10 10 31
Night Dress, 1	7 10 2
Muslin Skirt, 1	30 7 10
Muslin Skirt, 15 tucks, 2	30 22 10
Infant's Plain Robe, 1	35 8 5
Infant's robe 50 plaits, 7	35 41 50
Plain Drawers, 1	35 4 16
Quilting Silk Skirt, 1	30 50 30
Stitching 12 linen collars, 43	10 5
Stitching 12 linen cuffs, 10	40 10 15
Stitching 12 shirt fronts, 1	20 23 20
Hemming 12 handkerchiefs, 0	45 8 10
Boy's Pants, 1	40 9 20
Boy's Vest, 1	35 3 50
Boy's Coat, 1	15 7 20

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up to the present time, (see small circulars) are each and every one GENUINE Awards, or we will forfeit \$500 for each and every false claim! Other Sewing Machines have had their Premiums but how many of them in the last two years?

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## To Females.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular powers, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, vaginitis, all diseases of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. Doherty, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and diseases. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All Married Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at Dr. W. K. Doherty's Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's office is so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

## To Correspondents.

Patients residing in any part of the State, how ever distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred and confidential.

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